VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, DECEMBER 21, 1905. NUMBER 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"THEN FELT I LIKE SOME WATCHER OF THE SKIES."

A star, you say?
Oh, yea!
A star of love and light
That rose in Nazareth that far-off time!
And, piercing earth's dull night,
Lured selfishness away,---made brotherhood sublime.

Before that day?
Oh, yea!
Rare souls of inward flame
From age to age resplendent rose and gleamed,
Uplifting human aim,
Illumining with gold man's skies that gruesome seemed.

Earth still is gray?
Oh, yea!
But stars of love and life
Still rise wherever noble souls aspire,---
Transfiguring hate and strife,
Redeeming sordid earth with their exalting fire.

Strive we as they?
Oh, yea!
Be each a luring orb,
With rays outflashing for poor human eyes,
Till love all wrong absorb,
And 'round the illumined earth Good Will indeed arise.

JAMES H. WEST.

CONTENTS

"Then Felt I Like Some Watcher of the Skies"—James H. West 291
Christ with Us—*Edwin Markham* 293
Notes 293
"Merry Christmas to You All!" 296
Christmas in the City—Christmas in the Country—William Brunton 296
THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION—
Who Are the Worthy?—C. A. Osborne 297
A Unitarian Letter 297
THE PULPIT—
Jesus, the New Testament Man of Sorrows—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 298
Valuable Magazines—E. P. POWELL 302
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 302
The Star Song—*Robert Herrick* 302
The Christmas Gift—William Brunton 303
Japanese Santa Claus—*Current Literature* 303
Before Christmas—*John W. Chadwick* 303
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 304
A Christmas Card—Bertha E. Jaques 304

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Important New Books

HOME LIFE IN FRANCE. No more interesting and delightful picture of the French people has ever been published than is given in this volume by Miss Betham Edwards. The "Chicago Tribune" says, "It is full of such information as one likes to get at first hand respecting such matters as social usages, housekeeping, the baby, the girl, domestic help, the country doctor and so on. One might read a dozen histories of France and not get so real and intimate an acquaintance with the people as from a book like this." With many illustrations. $2.50 net.

IN THE LAND OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE. The Abbé Klein's altogether entertaining volume will be an acceptable addition to any library. "He is," says "The Dial," "a man of fine culture, and a wide-awake observer. Best of all, his whole book breathes a freshness and a joy of living that, quite apart from its subject matter, are decidedly engaging. The already established popularity of the work in France is indicated by the fact that it passed into a seventh edition a few months after its publication, and it has received from the French Academy the Montyon prize. The good literary style of the English version, made by the Abbé himself, and the highly entertaining character of the narrative, will no doubt make it a favorite in this country also." With 14 full page illustrations. $2.00 net.

HISTORIC ILLINOIS. Mr. Randall Parrish in this impressive volume offers a most fascinating and vivid narrative. He does not attempt to claim that his book is an exhaustive history of Illinois; it has been his aim rather to present historical facts, which for their own sake, are to every American patriot as fascinating as romance. No State in the Union surpasses Illinois in the romantic incidents of the early days. The book is written in Mr. Parrish's most characteristic manner, and as the author of "When Wilderness Was King" it will be easily imagined that with a subject of this kind to deal with, we find him in his element. With map and many illustrations. $2.50 net.

WITH SHELLEY IN ITALY. In her delightful Browning-Florence volume, published last year, Mrs. McMahan showed her thorough familiarity with Italy and her appreciation of poetic atmosphere. This new volume is quite the equal of the other in these charming qualities. The romantic character of Shelley's life, especially in Italy, and the pictorial beauty of the background which provided his inspiration, supply unequaled material for an illustrated book of this kind. Mrs. McMahan's idea has been to show the poems actually in the making by grouping with them letters, illustrations, and passages from notebooks. The result is a volume of notable interest and exceptional beauty, with over sixty illustrations from photographs. It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. McMahan's admirable "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings" is quite as acceptable this season as last. It proved extremely popular as a gift-book, the limited edition especially being generally pronounced the most beautiful Holiday volume of the season. Each, $1.40 net.

THE LARGE PAPER EDITIONS of both these volumes meet all the requirements of an exquisite gift-book. The text is printed on Italian hand-made paper, and the illustrations in photogravure ink on Japan paper. Bound in gray paper sides, with an embossed fleur-de-lis in gold, and vellum back. Price, each, $3.75 net; the same in full vellum, $5.00 net; the same bound in Florence, full parchment, antique style, Florentine hand-illumination, $10.00 net.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI | THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1905. | NUMBER 16

CHRIST WITH US.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I cannot find him anywhere.
Would God that Heaven were not so far
And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the grey stones of a street
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup.
When lo, the Christ I thought was dead
Was in the little one I fed!
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies;
And now whichever way I turn
I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Wherever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
'Tis mine to roll away the Stone
And warm His heart against my own.
Here, here, on Earth I find it all—
The young archangels white and tall,
The Golden City and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors!

—*Edwin Markham, in The Woman's Home Companion.*

Since the delivery of the Christmas Preparation Sermon, found on another page, on the New Testament Man of Sorrows, the preacher of that sermon and the writer of this note has fallen upon the interesting analysis of Edwin Markham's recent articles in the *Cosmopolitan* and the *Homiletic Review* on the poetry of Jesus to be found in the *Literary Digest* for December 16. The abstracts here furnished provoke a determination to study the articles in their entirety. The position of Mr. Markham parallels strikingly the teachings of the anonymous book referred to in the sermon, "The Creeds of Christ," that it justifies the hope that a better day is dawning in our civilization. The message of the Carpenter of Nazareth is to be better understood, and when this better understanding comes there will be a great emancipation from the tyranny of letter, form and label. The ceremonies, the creeds and the test words which now constitute a large part of the stage property of the religious world today will be remanded into the lumber room of antiquities; their interest will be largely archaeological, until in the hands of poet-prophets they will bloom again into poetry and regain the power as symbols which they have lost as dogmas.

In answer to many inquiries, by mail and otherwise, we are in a position to say that the "Acousticon" installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre is a continuous source of comfort to the deaf. The nine ear pieces already installed with wire possibilities for sixteen more are justifying the expenditure. But one pair of ears among the regular attendants at the services of All Souls Church refuses to respond to the telephonic touch. Many have enjoyed the full services who without it would find themselves tantalized with half utterances. The weekly Sunday bulletin at this church contains this standing note:

"Acousticon for the Deaf: Kindly advise your deaf friends that by means of this device they can hear the Sunday Service. On arrival at church notify the usher."

The only regretable thing is that, either on account of exorbitant patent claims or the limited number in demand, the price is made higher than it ought to be. This discovery justifies the expectation that the time is at hand when no modern auditorium will be considered equipped without this supplemental of the ear, and the highest equipped auditoriums, like the up-to-date theater, will have this extension to the ear as available as the extension to the eye now is. Perhaps with a nickel-in-the-slot arrangement the auditor can equip himself with an eye-piece (opera glasses) or an ear-piece (acousticon) at his pleasure, or both at once if he so elects.

After the intense outwardness, may we not say with truthfulness and without unkindness, crass materialism of the holiday activities of our churches will come with the new year, the periodic attempt to revitalize and spiritualize religion in many quarters. The "revival" season comes in January. This year the story of the Welsh awakenings and the beginning in this country of the Torrey-Alexander mission will give added courage and more skillful methods in many quarters. The psychiology of the revival has been little studied by those competent to push such studies. Indeed, it is too often dismissed as unworthy of study by experts, but no scholar acquainted with Professor James' great work on "Religious Experience" will withhold from the spiritual phenomena related to revivals his interest and sympathetic study. Religion in the last analysis must be a matter of individual experience, and anything that will call a halt in the mad rush for outward things, anything that will persuade the soul to take a thought and mend, anything that will turn the attention to intangible realities and the imponderable wealths must command our respect. Pedagogy is a legitimate department of sociology, and such instrumentalities, means, such use of seasons and

personalities as will bring about psychic results altogether desirable are justified to the scholar as they have been justified in history. Rather than deplore a revival season we should deplore that such season should be handicapped with outgrown dogmas, theories of men, God and destiny that have been exploded by science and that fall beneath, not above, the average intelligence and the working morality of today. The revival made lurid with hell fires, grotesque with devil-rhetoric, that vivisects the smallest audience with its unreal Christian tests and theological probes may well be supplanted by the revival that seeks the ministrations of love, the enlargements of spiritual sympathies, the intensifying of conscience and the applications of the same to civic as well as personal ethics. Such a revival will welcome to its aid the latest discoveries of science, the highest reaches of poetry, the noblest music and the widest co-operation. At such a revival the statement of Rev. Charles D. Williams, Dean of Trinity Cathedral in Cleveland, as published in *McClure's,* may well be quoted: "We are often long on theological orthodoxy and ecclesiastical propriety and excessively 'short' on commercial integrity and political morality." He further comments upon the men who are rigid in their private morals and strenuous in their personal pieties and in business are morally color-blind, seeing not the distinctions of right and wrong and unconscious of the flagrant iniquities in their dealings. The revival we need should aim to correct these inconsistencies.

So much has appeared in the papers, orthodox as well as heterodox, in the way of criticism upon the federation of churches recently held in New York City on account of its half-heartedness in trying to save itself from contamination with Unitarians and other non-orthodox bodies that the result which any far-seeing thinker could have foreseen has happened, viz., a widespread neglect of the positive things they did do. The timidity of that impressive body in regard to pertinent, pressing questions of thought in religion emasculated the positive declarations in the interest of morality, civic betterment and the spiritual life. Federations, no more than individuals, cannot enter the kingdom of truth, righteousness and love in sections. You cannot have an up-to-date conscience with a behind-the-times intellect. The dread of the Unitarians was of little significance if it did not carry with it an implication of a distrust of the supreme importance of the moralities and the integrities which confessedly constitute the prime emphasis of the suspected brethren, but it is but just to remind our readers that the halls of the Federation echoed clear statements and bold declarations on many of the things that all agree are central. Bishop Doane, for instance, raised a voice of warning against the tendency of city people towards life in flats and family hotels as a menace of the home; he condemned hasty marriages and prompt remarriages after divorce and the trifling with the sacred rite by undignified frivolities. He also said that the place to begin reforms in this direction was not in legislative halls or in judicial courts but in the teachings of the pulpit. The Conference also rejoiced in the bold denunciations of Dr. Gladden of the Jewish outrages in Russia which he called "A shame to Christianity." The following recommendation was referred to a committee for action:

"The Inter Church Federation of the United States of America, assembled in the City of New York, and representing 10,000,000 of communicants in the free Protestant churches of America, sends greetings to the Christian rulers and the Christian ministers, and the Christian people of Russia, beseeching them in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to do what they can without delay, to put an end to the dreadful cruelties which are now being inflicted upon the Jewish people in many parts of the Russian Empire.

"That those who bear the name of Jesus Christ should practice such cruelties, or tolerate them, brings pain to the heart and shame to the face of every true Christian in all the world. And what grief it must cause to the Blessed Christ Himself, who pronounced His blessing on the merciful, who bade us love our enemies and bless them that curse us, and who gave us that parable of the Good Samaritan who succored and befriended a suffering Jew. Our hearts go out to the Russian people in this day of their trouble and calamity. We are praying that peace and welfare may soon be restored to you, but our sympathy is chilled and our prayers falter on our lips when we read of this terrible carnage. The people of Russia must not in their time of need make it hard for their Christian brethren in all the world to think kindly of them.

"We speak not as the representatives of any military or political power. Our churches have no connection with our government. We speak only as the followers and disciples of the Prince of Peace. It is the love and honor that we bear our common Lord that makes us speak. It is the truth we have learned from Him that we are trying to utter. We speak not as Americans to Russians, but as Christians to Christian men; and we implore you, brethren, by the mercies of Christ, that you will act at once, with one accord, and rise up and speak the word which shall restrain these atrocities and heal the reproach which they are bringing on the Christian name."

In the supplanting of Postmaster Coyne in Chicago, just after the government had taken possession of the new building, when the administration of what is clearly the most complex industry in the city is at a most critical point, is one more glaring illustration of the perversity of politics and the pernicious influence of the partisan on what is the legitimate business of the nation. It is another illustration where even Theodore Roosevelt, the independent, the champion of civil service reform, the hope of the reformers, has for the second time grievously disappointed the friends in Chicago who want to believe in him through and through, and mean to stand by him in all his efforts at purging the public life of its corruption and compelling those high in authority as well as those in low estate to obey just laws and to help remove the unjust ones. Nothing since the reprehensible appointment of "Doc" Jamieson has happened in the administration of President Roosevelt that will so pain the friends of civil service reform and of Theodore Roosevelt, the reformer, as this substitution of a man against whose administration no word of incompetency or corruption has been whispered, by another man whose chief recommendation lay in the fact that all his adult life has been spent in political manipulations, much of the time in political office. He has ever been a successful Boss or maker of Bosses and his appointment is a reward for service rendered to office-holders and office-seekers and a bid for further service in the future. It

is said in justification of the President that he believes that the Senate should have something to say in the election of postmasters and that the Illinois senators wanted "Boss" Busse because some other political aspirants were out with him. When senators are made of such stuff that they are willing to consider the great postal interests of a great city like Chicago as another pawn on their chess board, to be played in advancing their own candidacy or making certain of their own occupancy, then it is time for the President to defy the senators in the interest of the whole people, or else recognize his own humiliating subserviency to men and methods that are beneath his highest vision and his own noblest record. We have no reflections of a personal character to make on the incoming postmaster—they say he was an honest boss—and the retiring postmaster needs no sympathy or words of commendation from us. He is relieved of a burdensome task, but as a citizen of Chicago, it is fitting that we should regret the loss of a good officer and deplore an indignity offered to civil service by the retirement of a gentleman who has given eight years of close study and devoted attention to the technical details of a highly specialized industry at a time when such expert service was specially needed. When the present incumbent shall have served as faithfully an apprenticeship with as much single-minded zeal to the postoffice business as the retiring postmaster has shown, he may prove as valuable a servant to the public, but in this apprenticeship he must necessarily neglect the "Machine," familiarity with which has secured his apopintment. When that efficiency is reached, be it four or eight years hence, we will resent the removal of Postmaster Busse in order to "give some other fellow a chance" as earnestly as we now resent the removal of Postmaster Coyne.

In the unexpected collapse of John R. Walsh's system of banks in Chicago we have another humiliating revelation of the vicious methods which obtain in too many commercial circles. John R. Walsh is a type of a large class of western men who boast of having begun with nothing. "Starting at the foot of the ladder" is the familiar figure, and the reward of wealth, position and the social recognitions belonging thereto are taken as evidence of "what any boy may accomplish in the west if he has the necessary pluck, courage, persistence," etc., etc. Is this true? Does it not involve still another class of adjectives, not so complimentary and which it is ungracious to use concerning any one individual, particularly when he is down? The relentless severity, the persistent exclusion of all the collateral interests of life, and sometimes a towering meanness, a growing selfishness which is justified under the name of "business methods," and in too many cases the gambling spirit hidden behind the words "investment," "speculation," "stock jobbing," etc. Mr. Walsh began life in Chicago as a newsboy. The present writer remembers when his news stand bloomed into a book store and the Western News Company became the great distributor of current reading matter. Then came the banking era and the mysterious dealings in railroad stocks and mining interests and a dabbling in politics, to further which a newspaper became necessary and the Chicago *Chronicle* was added to the outfit. The beginning of this journalistic career was democratic, but the time came when it saw a great light and it became republican. Somehow or other state funds and park interests became more or less entrusted to these banks. The Chicago *Chronicle* under this inspiration grew apprehensive of certain sociological tendencies. It discovered in Jane Addams and the settlement movement subtle enemies to republicanism. The paper had a mission; it led a propaganda against socialists, anarchists and faddists in the pulpit, in the press, in settlements and organizations looking towards civic betterment. And lo! the denouement. Last Sunday afternoon the presidents of the leading banks of Chicago were summoned and they were in secret session until three o'clock Monday morning, when the startling news was promulgated with the welcome assurance that the clearing association of banks would see to it that no depositor should suffer, although it was intimated that these banks might have to "contribute" two or three million dollars from their funds to save the innocent depositors from suffering loss at the hands of the multi-millionaires.

We would not be unkind, still less unjust, to John R. Walsh. He does not stand alone in this catastrophe which rests somewhere on an iniquity, for the collapse comes at a very time when Chicago economists and news gatherers are rejoicing over prosperous times and gloating over overflowing coffers. There are to be found the names of other prominent and wealthy men on the directory of these banks—men who have enjoyed public confidences, and the methods pursued by these banks cannot be so peculiarly unique as to justify much specialization. Mr. Walsh at the present time is a legitimate object of pity; he deserves our commiseration. It is a long way from the seller of morning papers to the plunger in railroad stocks; from the poor boy to the multi-millionaire. He chose to be rich and neglected as many of the other avenues to culture, to joy, to power as seemed necessary. Now he is an old man, a broken multi-millionaire. Mr. Walsh had many warm personal friends. Let neither friend nor foe be too swift in condemning. Let those who are tempted to say "I told you so" hesitate until they take account of their own stock, not only in trade but in life. The times, the public sentiment, the standard of morals, the political ideals and, what is more, the practice of men in public life, the acknowledged and authorized representatives of the people, are responsible for this. Can it be that Chicago is to contribute its chapter of grewsome revealments to the exciting story already well developed in Philadelphia, New York and elsewhere? Are the banks and bankers

to be included in the category of life insurance, railroad combines and industrial trusts that now challenge our law-makers and perplex our jurists? Surely, there is a sermon here.

"Merry Christmas to You All!"

Notwithstanding the solemnities and the anxieties which increasingly press upon life with increasing years, notwithstanding the grewsome haste and attendant weariness, the more bargaining, the more advertising and the consequent feverish commercialism that threaten this season of relaxation and good will, the most fitting salutation yet is the good old Saxon cry of "Merrie Christmas to you!"

Let the choiring angels, the adoring cattle, the pilgriming magi have their annual sway unbidden, for poetry is more comprehensive than history, truer than philosophy. It, too, deals with stubborn facts that challenge the respect of scientists.

But the legends of the Christ-child and the songs of the Christmas season become vital only when they are related to the life that now is and the duties at hand. The ideal to be vital must ever be rooted in the present tense. The Christmas of doctrine, of sect, aye, of Christianity itself in its boastful and excluding conceits, is not the "Merry Christmas." The Merry Christmas is based in the harmonies, the fraternities and fellowship which give significance to the name of this paper and is the perpetual quest in these columns. It is because we believe all the Christian denominations are identical at the center, and because we believe that all systems of religion that have enlisted the confidences and enthusiasms of mankind have more in common than in difference, we labor to minimize the antagonistic and to emphasize the unities. If in the exercise of the freedom of criticism we sometimes seem to be more mindful of the shortcomings than of the achievements of our brethren, if we would seem disrespectful to forms, doctrines and movements which so many consider of vital interest, it is because we would fain make three hundred and sixty-five Christmas days in the year and ring the joy bells of Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men in all the steeples, in all lands, all the year round. If certain Bible texts, and still more, the system built thereon, seem to us archaic and in the way, it is because they interfere with the tendency to unity.

There is always danger of peddling phrases and chattering words parrot-like in the interest of the best and the highest things. The Christmas spirit we would advance is the spirit that despises war and hates partisanship, that increasingly distrusts sectarianism, because we believe that the time has come for the grounding of arms, for the abolition of the boss and the unification at least in behalf of the acknowledged common interests, temperance, education, civic decency, good roads, more parks, forest and flower preserves. These appeal to Catholic, Jewish, Christian and secular organizations.

We bid our readers a Merry Christmas in right good heart because we believe such an unification is rapidly taking place. We believe that the next century is greatly to reduce the number of churches in many places in order thereby to increase their efficiency.

The sagacious Hirai of Japan in a telling address at the Parliament of Religion said, "I read that recent provision has been made for sending ten more Christian missionaries to Japan and their salaries have been fixed at one thousand dollars apiece. In the interest of Japan and the Christianity it needs, I would respectfully submit that one ten-thousand-dollar missionary will do us more good than ten one-thousand-dollar missionaries." This petition of the Japanese represents exactly the need of a thousand communities in the Mississippi Valley to-day—a reduction in quantity in order to secure an increase in quality. Long ago the prophetic Thomas More said of his Utopia there are but few churches here, but they are large and attractive; few priests, but those they are men of exceptional piety, and the ritual and the sermon at these churches are of a kind to attract and edify the multitudes." Utopia is not always to be a land of "Nowhere," but it is to be the realm of the here. However the angels' song which the shepherds heard is to be interpreted, the more true is it to the fact that it was prophecy, a terrestrial prophecy. It predicted an earthly triumph, and the nineteen centuries that have intervened have added clearness and definiteness to the prophetic chorus.

Surely, then, our greeting should be A Merry Christmas to all!

Christmas in the City.

Amid the crowd that throngs the busy street,
  At Christmas eve, my way I slowly wend;
I love the multitude in joy to meet,
  And see each face as if it were a friend!

So many thousands on a night like this—
  Intent to gain a blessing of surprise—
And give to home its golden need of bliss—
  As if it came in beauty from the skies!

What show of finery the windows give,
  What glare of light illuminates the way!—
Ah! in good will and peace we learn to live,
  And are the friends of Christ on Christmas day!

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

Beneath the silence of the starry sky,
  The crisp snow crunching at each tread,
I wonder if the angels still are nigh,
  I wonder at the song to shepherds said!

I listen and my soul afire with love,
  Dreams of a new-world rising sound of song;
It thrills the spaces dark and deep above,
  It passes o'er the earth to stay its wrong!

Oh! yes, the angels are and song is theirs,
  And promise is no soul of man can scorn,
The echo heard in all our human prayers—
  For love's abiding, golden Christmas morn!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

What need I of book or priest,
Or sibyl from the mummied East,
When every star is Bethlehem star?

—*Emerson.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?
Malachi 2:10.

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, FIELD SECRETARY,
To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

Who are Worthy?

From a Chicago Address.*

There is a widespread and increasingly earnest demand for the coöperation of moral and religious forces unto the amelioration of social conditions. Thinking men and women everywhere are asserting and emphasizing the truth, that both as a matter of loyalty to the principles of Christian ethics, and as a practical necessity for the progress of the race in righteousness, there must be a coalition of religious teachers and leaders, a generous coöperation of all those who seriously and conscientiously seek the public good in the redemption of the race. In a day when there appears on every hand the open flaunting of vice by the vicious and depraved, and, still worse, the startling revelations of dishonesty and highway robbery by the intelligent and hitherto respected leaders in society—in this day of corporate graft, of frenzied finance, of political debauchery—the world is scornful of rituals, or creeds and theologies, is demanding in no uncertain terms that those who call themselves religious must "make good" and work together. If this is a day that records a weakening of the moral sense, it is also a day of quickening conscience and broadening sympathies, of impatience with trivialities and subterfuge, and of growing unanimity of insistence on great principles of right and duty and justice.

The election of William Travers Jerome in New York City is but one illustration of the unifying power of a great moral issue. Absolutely a man without a party and with the well organized party machines in a great city working against him, Mr. Jerome inspired the harmonious coöperation of thousands of men in all walks of life, of all political and social and religious affiliations; democrat and republican, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, ditch digger and society leader, these all working together and sweeping on to a tremendous victory unparalleled in the history of this country!

Now I believe the moral laxity on the one hand, the crumbling of the creeds on the other, and the instinct of federation that is in the air—these spell religious unity, prophesy a practical coöperation of all moral and religious forces unto the redemption of the earth; and I mean literally the redemption of this earth and of the race that inhabits it. The burden of the cry of human need is not for entrance into some future heaven, is not for the winning of some heavenly bliss that will compensate for the sufferings of this world, but is the demand for the amelioration of social conditions and the redemption of the human fellowship.

Yet how can this be? What sort of religious unity is possible and how is it to be obtained? More than one voice has been raised in prophesy of a day when there shall be one creed and one church, the religion of humanity and the Church of Christ. It is a beautiful and inspiring vision but I am bound to confess that I am absolutely without hope of its realization. There is another theory much more in vogue which lies at the other extreme in its ideal and method of attainment. Realizing the hopelessness of a unification of theologies and rituals, the advocates of this second theory frankly confess that a union of all religious denominations is impossible, if not undesirable, and so attempt to form a federation of those churches which they claim are Christian and therefore able to unite on a certain conception of the person of the Christ. But the strength of the theory is its weakness. Most highly desirable would it be to form a copartnership of all Christians and exclude all others. But who shall decide as to who are the Christians and who may not be admitted to that category?

Assuredly any number of churches may meet together and form a bond of union and undertake any plan of campaign that seems best of them; but when a group of churches assumes a monopoly of Christianity and presumes to exclude from that select company of Christians all who do not accept a certain creedal statement as regards the person of the Christ, they are arrogating to themselves a kind of judgment that Jesus clearly repudiated and severely condemned. If there be any basis on which it can be said Jesus gave the right of judgment, it is on his plain statement, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and very clearly this is a cleavage not along orthodox or sectarian lines. And again when Jesus said, "Other sheep I have, not of this fold," and "There shall be one flock and one shepherd," how shall we be sure some of these seemingly unorthodox people may not belong to these "other sheep?"

The Inter-Church Conference recently held in Carnegie Hall, New York City, was an attempt to overleap the boundaries set up by creeds and rituals and theologies in order that Christian men of different denominations might join hands and hearts in the great purposes that lie near to the souls of all true men. The objects of the Conference were not ecclesiastical nor theological. The topics for discussion had not to do with the way of salvation or the tenets of any particular theology. Rather were they the great fundamental impulses and purposes that have to do with the attainment of the kingdom of the Christ here and now, that kingdom which is love, joy, peace, purity, righteousness, godliness. In a word, the ideals were those that Christianity always sets before the youth of this earth, as necessary to the making of the manhood and womanhood the Creator has made possible. From such a conference of churches called for such a purpose, Unitarians were turned away as unworthy of that high fellowship. If "By their fruits ye shall know them," what of Unitarians?

It is quite needless for me to say that I am not in fullest sympathy with Unitarianism which, as a cult, seems to me a protest rather than a purpose, a criticism of the fighters rather than an army marching to its victory. Unitarianism, I think, has done a greatly needed and grand work, but that work is done. Nonetheless, what of the people who were excluded from Carnegie Hall? Suffer me a word. Long before Harriet Beecher Stowe had touched pen to paper, Lydia Maria Childs wrote a story that converted William Ellery Channing to the anti-slavery movement and a year later Channing's sermons on slavery electrified America. This was twelve years before the writing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Before Toynbee was born in England, yonder in Boston, the Unitarian ministers elected Tuckerman "Minister at large" to work with the poor and needy in the slums of his day. Hull House and Chicago Commons are the children of a Unitarian crusade.

Again, where in our political history has there been anything of supremer value than the achievement of that splendid organization which Theodore Roosevelt helped to immortalize, the Civil Service Reform? But the prime mover and the first great leader in Civil Service Reform was the man who remained its national president to the day of his death, the man of letters, of noblest Christian character, George William Curtis, a Unitarian. If "By their fruits ye shall know them," is it conceivable that any one, who has heard or read of the "Lend a Hand" clubs, of the now venerable and revered chaplain of the United States Senate, Edward Everett Hale, would care to join a fellowship or enter a heaven from which he was excluded? And how would the time fail to speak of Channing and Martineau, James Russell Lowell and John D. Long, John Hay, President Eliot, Senator Hoar and the host of others, immortal ones of whom the world was not worthy! And once more, where is the church of Christ today whose hymn book does not contain that loving prayer and inspiring peän of praise dear to the heart of every disciple of the Father, "Nearer My God to Thee"? But alas, the author of this hymn was a Unitarian and no Unitarian could be admitted to the Federation of Churches in Carnegie Hall! Imagine those favored worthies within Carnegie Hall, after Unitarians were shut out, singing their battle cry:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime."

And then some one saying: "Why that hymn was written by John Bowring, a 'dyed-in-the-wool' Unitarian!"

Let me make it plain: I am not defending Unitarianism. I am not even saying that I, as an evangelical Christian, could demand the admission of non-Christian sects to a Federation of Christian churches. I am saying that many members of Unitarian, Universalist, Jewish and Roman Catholic churches ought to be included in any such movement to unite all religious men in a campaign of righteousness. A federation of churches or denominations is a practical impossibility. This is not the method nor the platform for religious unity. And so my chief objection to the dogmatic arrogance that would lead any group of churches to assume a monopoly of Christianity is not because one church has been excluded but because the possession of Christian faith and the ability to coöperate with Christians for the uplifting and the redeeming of the earth is denied to all men whose names are not written on the roles of some particular churches. To illustrate, there was in the White House at Washington a few years ago a

"Kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

A man of prayer, a man of faith, a man whose highest ambition it was to "Do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with (his) God." Abraham Lincoln did something for the race! It were well if all the churches represented at Carnegie Hall could do as much for the redemption of the children of the Father. But Abraham Lincoln is a name never written on

*Delivered before the annual "Outlook Conference"—a group of ministers from nearby states.

the roll of any church and so he would be excluded from the Federation of Churches that seeks to uplift and redeem the race.

The problem of religious unity is an exceedingly difficult one. I have no panacea, but there is one other method which seems to me by all odds the most hopeful and the most promising one for the practical coöperation of all religious men, of all seekers after God and all who are trying to keep step with Him, to join hands in a fellowship for the purpose of realizing the kingdom of Christ in the earth, and that is the CONGRESS OF RELIGION. It is not a federation of churches either inclusive or exclusive; it is not a parliament of religious societies either few or many. It is simply and solely a Fellowship. A fellowship of all religious men, of all high souls, of all noblest spirits, of all saviours of men, who can and will unite with any others seeking God and trying to establish His kingdom in the earth, no matter what the cut of the frock, the mode of the ritual or the statement of the creeds. The only demand or limitation that I can see would be a sincere profession of purpose and a life whose manifest fruits would not plainly prove the profession insincere.

The problem of religious unity is the problem of enfranchising men from the shackles of exclusiveness and of regenerating men into the kingdom of a universal Fatherhood o'ershadowing a worldwide brotherhood. "Religions are many, but religion is one." Conceptions of God differ through the ages, but God and man are forever Father and child, and the children of God belong to His family and are brethren.

C. A. O.

A Unitarian Letter.

Prepared by Edward Everett Hale, Jno. D. Long, and Sam'l A. Eliot, this circular letter breathes a spirit of Christian fellowship that all will recognize and approve. It has come to our table since the above address was written but seems in full harmony with it:

"To the Ministers and Laity of the Unitarian Churches: It is known to all that a great meeting of delegates from various Christian bodies has been held in New York City under the name of the Inter-Church Conference on Federation. As all Christian bodies were invited to take part in this movement, we, the undersigned, were, in natural response and in fraternal good will, appointed as representatives of the free Christian churches called Unitarian.

"We were, however, refused admission to the meeting on the ground that Unitarians are not Christians. Our characters were not impeached but our beliefs were condemned as heretical. In spite of the protest of a number of the most distinguished Christian scholars and leaders of other denominations than our own, this exclusion has now been confirmed by the action of the conference itself. The Unitarian churches are definitely omitted from the list of the Christian bodies entitled to representation in the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

"We make no controversy over this action, which puts not us but its promoters, at the bar of an enlightened public opinion. In view of it, however, it seems timely for us to affirm anew the simple truth, proclaimed of old by Christ himself, that righteousness of life and spiritual efficiency rather than orthodoxy of belief is the test of Christian discipleship. We affirm that the doing of the will of the Master is the vital thing, and that beliefs about the nature of Christ are unimportant in comparison with practical obedience to his precepts.

"The Unitarian churches of America, and all who desire to promote pure Christianity in our land, should be glad to be confronted with a stimulating challenge. Whatsoever good things these other denominations propose to accomplish, and we deeply appreciate the good they do, it is manifest that, as represented by this action, they are both unwilling and unable to commit themselves to the great Christian principles of freedom and brotherhood. It is for us, therefore, to urge, with new insistency and in the spirit of universal fellowship, the ideals of faith and conduct that lie back of all the different theologies, and that breathe in all the true worship of all the churches, and to teach that under the inspiration of the life of Christ men may here and now enter into his high discipleship in honest and unselfish service of the present age.

"We therefore appeal to all liberal Christians to put fresh courage and patient devotion into their own significant work. Let us each and all believe more stoutly than ever in our mission to mankind and go to work for it with heart and head and hand. We certainly shall not try to build higher the barriers which seem to stand between us and our brethren of other Christian communions. God forbid that any among us should make that sad mistake.

"We are called upon to recognize that our distinctive message, which we believe to be and strive to make the truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ, is still needed in all parts of the world. By fearlessly proclaiming the ideals of a simple and rational Christian faith and of spiritual high mindedness, by living lives of public spirited service and widespread charity, by increasing the power and usefulness of our liberal churches and upbuilding our institutions we shall help to keep in Christian discipleship those who have been alienated from all religious connections, and best promote the cause of freedom, truth and righteousness.

"When the good time comes that our brethren in other Christian denominations know us better they will find us ready most cordially to coöperate with them and with all other religious bodies in establishing the kingdom of God on the earth."

THE PULPIT.

Jesus, the New Testament Man of Sorrows.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, DECEMBER 17, 1905.

The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. —*Matthew viii:20.*

Jeremiah, John the Baptist and Jesus of Nazareth are the three great Bible sufferers. Their stories taken together constitute a trilogy of sadness unparallelled. They stand out on the horizon line of history draped in a pathos that would be terrible were it not beautiful. Herein lies the paradox of history, the mystery of the spiritual life. These, the saddest figures of the Bible, are also the tenderest. Their story would be grewsome were it not so lovely. The stories of triumphant kings, of indignant moralists, the masters of epithet, the scourgers of the wicked, repel us; while the stories of the sufferers, the patient, the endurers, the martyrs, attract us. There is that in the stories of the men of sorrows that quiets boisterous children, soothes and chastens the turbulent hearts of stalwart men, and makes brave and aggressive shrinking, sensitive, loving women.

I have spoken of the paradox of history; it may be apparent only to the scholar; it is discovered by research; it becomes apparent only to the investigator and the student. But the paradox of this season is upon us; we ourselves are in it, of it. We are approaching the Christmas tide, the season of hilarity, of boisterous jollity; the season of affluent gift-giving, of studied merry-making; the season when the miser relaxes his purse-strings and the wealthy take thought of the less favored; the season when broadcloth and jeans, silk and calico exchange greetings; when mistress and maid salute one another with a cordiality that bespeaks good cheer. And this is the way we celebrate the birth time of the most pathetic figure in history. Let us count some of the elements that enter into this mystery which forms the gloomy background to our radiant hilarity.

Say what you will, friends, a manger is not a desirable place to be born in; and however legend, art, poetry and music may surround that stable with glory and myth, the hard fate of the stable-born appeals mightily to every woman who has given birth to child and to every father who has known the solemn anxieties, the awful sanctity of the holy mystery. Spite of the adoring cattle, the choiring angels, the curious shepherds and the hosannas reverberating through cathedral arches, the carols of happy children of many centuries and countless lands, the manger still stands out in its grim severity, witnessing the awful pall of poverty that hung over the entire life of the Nazarene. For no sunny climes or remoteness from commercial

centers and the speculative spirit that is the thrall of souls today, can eliminate the pathos of the cry:

"The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Only a pair of turtle doves could the gentle Mary carry as an offering to the christening festival, and the babe grew up in a carpenter's shop. He served in the obscurity and the anxieties of an artisan's cottage.

"Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Judas, and his sisters, are they not all with us?"

As the manger is an ungracious cradle in which to place a new born babe, so the cross is an undesirable place on which to die. His brief life was embedded in opposition, in antagonism. His life was stung with hatreds; his ministry was accompanied with distrust; his best purposes were misinterpreted; his highest inspirations were misunderstood; his divinest passion was contemned—so contemned that he must pay the penalty of a malefactor. He wore the derisive wreath of thorns; he left the world of care and sin on cross-crowned Calvary.

But more than the material poverty or physical suffering, this Man of Sorrows took the Gethsemane road to Cavalry,—the road of loneliness. It was not for him to know the comforts of the fireside, the consolations of wife and children. Women drank inspiration from his eyes, comfort and consolation from his words, strength from his touch. They loved him who must not know the inexpressible joys of reciprocal love.

"Thou gavest me no kiss." "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" are the groans of a lonely soul piercing the hard hearts of the centuries, seeking in vain for adequate response even in the hearts of those who would fain worship the man-like God by refusing the appreciation and sympathy that belong to the God-like man of suffering.

But we have not yet sunk our plummet to the bottom experiences of this Man of Sorrows. Not the bitterness of poverty, though they were galling as they now are; not the stripes, the briers, the nails and the spear in the side, though flesh and nerve were as sensitive then as now, and physical torture was the same in Judea nineteen centuries ago as it is in Chicago today; and not the loneliness, though sympathy was as precious and as rare then as now; but he bore the burden of souls; he knew the agonies known only to disinterested hearts; he felt the shame of his people, the crime of his times, the disgraces of his community,—and these form the superlative sorrows of great souls. It is a small heart that breaks from its own disappointments and griefs. The great hearts break over the stolidity and the meanness, the cruelty that besets them on every side.

"But when he saw the multitude he was moved with compassion on them because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. * * * Fear not them which kill the body but are not able to kill the soul. Rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

What can we say of this man who, spite of poverty, opposition and persecution, aye, perhaps on account of his poverty, loneliness and defiance, is today celebrated by the ringing of our Christmas bells?

The last book at hand, one of the significant books of the year, is one entitled "The Creeds of Christ." It comes over the sea from London. The author does not reveal himself in the book ,and the publisher has not divulged his name. It is obviously written by a man who has brought research and much thinking to the task. The careful concealment of his name is presumptive evidence that it is written by a man within the pales of orthodoxy; a man who realizes that his message would arouse suspicion, perhaps personal retorts and comments, and so he prefers to let his argument stand out on its own merit. It is a book that, if I mistake not, will compel attention, as the famous essays and reviews and Ecce Homo did in their day. This, perhaps the latest, attempt to discover the secret of the vitality of this carpenter's son finds two things, as the author thinks, "that are made quite clear to the students," *viz.*, that Jesus hated Pharisaism and that he believed in the kingdom of God; and Pharisaism as he interpreted it—and the interpretation is amply borne out in the New Testament analysis,—does not represent bad men; quite the contrary,—the Pharisees were the good men in society; they were the severe moralists; the strict economists, the safe and the prudential; the pillars of society as well as pillars of the church; they were, as the name implies, the separated from the vulgar crowd, those who, with a cause, prided themselves on their cleanliness from smirch and grime—physical, ethical and spiritual. They represented the classic element in the Jewish life of that day; they were the Puritans of Judaism, the Presbyterians of orthodoxy, the legalists in politics and the literalists in religion. They stood by the law; they were loyal to the form. Doubtless these formalists would say then as they say now, that they insisted on the form, not for the form's sake but for morality's sake. They believed in obedience, hence were rigid for conformity. God to them was the law-giver, and the law having been received must be maintained. Any deviation from the same would be dangerous to public welfare.

Under such an administration, whether it be in the hands of the Latin Fathers like Augustine and Benedict, of Scotch Presbyterianism, New England Puritanism or modern orthodoxy, there would be, as this unknown author of "The Creed of Christ" insists upon, a menace to freedom, to conscience and to imagination. Law is suspicious of freedom; rule gives little play for the individual conscience, and form and ceremony and ritual, when insisted upon, are opposed to that spontaneity, that free play of the soul, that breaking of the new ground, that openness to the sky, the curious eye turned earth-ward and the open mind turned manward which may be represented by the word "imagination."

Schürer, the Jewish historian, says of the result of this Pharisaism, this insistence upon law:

"Nothing was left to free personality, everything was placed under the bondage of the letter. At every step, at the work of his calling, at prayer, at meals, at home and abroad, from early morning till late in the evening, from youth to old age, the dead, the deadening formula awaited him."

And the unknown author says:

"Conscience is but another aspect of freedom. Where it is decayed, conscience degenerates into a moral disease, into a hair-splitting, sophistical, self-torturing causistry."

And this was the Pharisaism that this Carpenter of Nazareth grew to despise, against which he threw the whole weight of a pent-up genius, to the destruction of which he brought the energy, the enthusiasm, the insight, aye, the foresight born of insight, which belongs to a poet. For he who gathered around him the fishermen of Galilee, who dwelt lovingly upon the familiar facts and experiences of peasant life, who found spiritual significance in every-day affairs, ethical meaning in the flower by the wayside, in a woman's dough-board and in the pots and kettles in the kitchen, was a poet, and the poet is ever and always, in the last analysis, a prophet, a seer; one who receives first-hand impressions from the God of the universe and reports directly to his Lord, the King. The poet is one who "takes account of all things said and done," "scenting the world." Surely the realms of

literature offer no such evidence to the existence of a poet-soul as the poor, meager, tattered, ragged, fragmentary echoes we have of that life in what we call the "Four Gospels,"—tantalizing suggestions of a great soul that radiated poetry wherever he went; that ever indulged in parables, ever taught symbols, and thought himself into the unities, the great synthesis of faith. Like the flotsam and jetsam on the shore after a great storm, testifying to the fleets that have gone down, precious argosies wrecked, so do these fragments of a Gospel testify to a world-poet cast in an unliterary age, fallen upon inhospitable times, and missing the conservations of the learned.

A mere list of the words he used is a vocabulary of nature: "oxen, sheep, doves, growing corn, the candle and the candle-stick, lilies, dogs, fish, serpents, figs, thistles and thorns, yeast, rains, floods, sparrows, fig-trees, pearls of great price, the seed, the blade, the corn, foxes and birds of the air, new patches on old garments, new wine in old bottles, the hair of your head, the stray sheep, laborers in the vineyard, the lost shilling, the found sheep, the thoughtless virgins, the importunate woman, the benevolent widow with her two mites,"—surely, here is material which a poet alone knows how to utilize; material at everybody's hand, but available only to the illumined and the enkindled imagination. An appeal to these and all they are related to for moral sanction and spiritual inspiration is the gift and privilege of the poet, and the dread of the dogmatist. It is a menace to the lawyer who bases his judgment on precedent and knows no other criterion of right but the text to be found in the statute books.

Of course such first-hand appeal to the common experiences and the daily routine of life recoils from the thought of God as a law-giver. The final appeal of the Pharisee gave way in the mind of the poet of Nazareth to the thought of God as a father who was to be served, not by obedience but by growth; who was to be interpreted not by the dogmatism of supernaturalism, but by (to use the phrase of the book) "a wise agnosticism in the region of God, a living faith in the region of emotion." And so the God of the stone tablets fades, as the face vanishes in the distance and the God of the lily and the sparrow breaks upon the view in the near foreground.

And so we naturally come to the second great article in the creed of this Nazarene,—the kingdom of God, of which we may now become conscious and loyal subjects; the kingdom of heaven now on earth; not a Messiah to be expected but a Messianic life now to be inaugurated; the kingdom of God, a thing of inward loyalty, nay, of inward pursuit; life to be determined by the motive, not the action. This conception of the kingdom of God, which breaks in upon us on every page of the New Testament, hampered, blurred as it may be, by the intrusion of miracles, the confusion of supernaturalism, which was injected into the narrative by a development, a theological refinement, a creedal agitation after the tragedy on Calvary had compelled a stolid world to take note that a great light had appeared, a noble life had been extinguished, and that the cross had failed to sterilize or to destroy the seed scattered all over the hills and valleys of Galilee. Lo! they had already sprouted, were blooming and bringing forth fruit. The beatitudes and parables enforced by the story of a martyr's death impelled men and women to turn from rules to principles; to forget traditions in the presence of great hopes, to think humane thoughts and to be in the way of a sense of brotherhoood that was inclusive; a brotherhood that involved Samaritan and Gentile, Barbarian and Greek, as well as Jew.

Out of the inspiration of these floating texts and the propelling power of these vital principles came the necessity for written records, the demand for expression, which all too soon sank again into a legalism, a respect for some more laws, an obedience for mere form. Thus we arrive at the crowning sorrow. The climax of the unspeakable tragedy was the agonized cry on the cross, as the author of the "Creed of Christ" suggests, possibly born out of a fore-vision of the fell fate that was to pervert his words, misinterpret his life and crucify him afresh, albeit the crucifixion now comes at the hands of friends and not of foes. Was it an awful sense of failure that benumbed the pain-pangs of the Nazarene and caused the thorn-crowned hero to cry, "Eli, Eli, Llama Sabachthani?" —"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Be that as it may, the history of the development of Christianity through nineteen centuries is based, as it seems to this author and as it seems to me, on a sad misinterpretation of texts, a misconception of motives, and a supplanting of the tender, suffering personality of the son of Joseph and Mary with a theological fabrication coined out of the Messianic hopes of the Jews, the theosophic philosophy of Plato and the legalistic and political inventions of Rome. The Man of Nazareth, the rebellious carpenter, the poet of the lakeside, the preacher of the roadside, the companion of publicans and sinners, the favorite of children, the consolation of women and the defender of outcasts, was replaced by a Christian Pharisaism, the literalists of a new dispensation, the separatists of the new regime, by a divine incarnation, a man-shaped God, a supernatural injection into human life from above, an incarnate Deity, the second member of a mystical trinity that came below to play a part, to make spectacular a scheme of salvation which to those accepting it would bring immunity from personal crimes and inherited taint and make them eligible to a higher circle of Pharisaism, another realm of the separated, the kingdom of the select, the heaven of the elect after death.

Where was ever a message more misunderstood, a life more belied, an inheritance more perverted than this? Was ever failure more profound? Surely, now indeed, if never before, here is the Man of Sorrows!

But the book whose argument I have faintly hinted at and from whose pages I have borrowed some of the phrases, after developing this awful failure, this mighty shrinkage of the Bard of Galilee, this subversion of the message of the prophet of Nazareth, closes with a chapter on the Final Triumph in which he shows us "the glow of a great home," the reappearance of that splendid personality in the Teutonic and Slavonic struggles for freedom, the one of which is embedded in the history of the later centuries; the other of which is now expressing itself in rivers of blood and deeds of terror, but both of which are surely working towards the embodiment of that democracy that is to give expression, as our author says, to the naturalnesss and all-embracing sympathy of Whitman, the high-souled purity of Fra Angelico, the radiant love-begotten cheerfulness of a Francis and the intense inwardness of a Hindu saint. "When this comes and as it comes we will again be able to lay new hold of the arch-democrat, that greatest of Judea's Prophets, most resplendent poet of humanity." His epic is not formulated in sentences but in helpful deeds, in kindly words, in beatific inspirations. He lived the great epic; he was the Odysseus of the Golden Rule; he was a triumphant Job, a cheerful Hamlet, an unstained, unfallen, unsullied Faust, one who played his game with Mephistopheles without surrender and without compromise. This re-gained

Jesus is the peasant born in "Bushtown,"—for that is the significance of Nazareth,—of whom it is said, he was born among the cattle, who at twelve years of age confounded the temple doctors with searching questions, who on his itinerary talked of the deep things of religion with a woman, a despised Samaritan woman at that, who stood before the prostrate form of the woman "taken in the very act," whom the indignant purists would fain stone to death, and with a mighty indignation drove the latter out of sight with his "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and the next breath, with divine compassion and holy justice said to the other, "Neither do I condemn thee; go sin no more." He is the same one who with withering scorn scourged the money changers, those who would make of the house of God a den of thieves, and drove them from the sanctities. He is the thinker, the teacher, the independent friend, the advocate of universality; he who breathed the beatitudes and elevated the Golden Rule into an adequate church canon; who compiled from the elaborate litanies of the rabbis the brief and adequate collect of the devout soul, the Lord's Prayer, the universality of which makes it a part of the indispensable liturgy of the universal faith.

Has at last the Man of Sorrows been vindicated? Is the dismal failure, the nineteen centuries of defeat, at last giving way to the triumphs of the noble, the conquest of the meek, the domain of the servant? For it was he who said, "Let him who would be first among you serve."

Not yet! Not yet! but it is coming, and it will come only as, by traveling over the lily road to God, by listening for the sparrow message from the Father, by knowing the peace of the beatitudes, we come into the ways of simplicity; simplicity of character, simplicity of deed, simplicity of tastes, simplicity of wants and companionship. Not until we strip ourselves from the gawds that distinguish and divide and establish cruel barriers between soul and soul, whether these gawds be made of silks and satins or of Bible texts and priestly ceremonies, whether they be manufactured by the milliner, the politician, the ecclesiastic or the insolent pretension of culture and of "Society." The kingdom of God comes through simplicity.

"And he took a little child and placed him in their midst and said, Verily, I say unto you, that unless you become as one of these you may not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Browning, in his boyish drama entitled "Strafford," shows how this aspiring politician, this successful boss, this manipulator of public servants and public trusts for private gains; this man who used his position to serve his friends rather than the public, who held his obligations to a king, weak and vacillating though he was, as greater than his obligations to a suffering people and to the everlasting principles of justice and freedom, while waiting to be ushered to the block was convicted by the guileless prattle of his own children. He overheard them lilting the songs of freedom which he had defied. The little boy says:

"Wil. You've been to Venice, father?
Straf. I was young, then.
Wil. A city with no King; that's why I like even a song that comes from Venice."

Surely out of the mouths of babes and sucklings has he ordained wisdom, and surely a little child shall lead us into the kingdom of heaven, which is the kingdom of simplicity.

To say it in another way, the road to the kingdom of heaven is a path that leads inward. God as lawgiver may have written his mandates on tables of stone; may have indicated them on the pages of a book; may have inspired priestly legislation and given to pope, cardinal, bishop and presbytery the power of interpreting the same, but God the Father has spoken to his children in the chambers of their own hearts; he has written his law in the loving eyes of woman as he has upon the fragrant petals of the rose. The kingdom which Jesus believed in is the kingdom of the intangible, the free kingdom of the human soul. "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right? Verily I say unto you, the kingdom of God is within you; ye are the children of God. Father, grant that these my disciples may be one with you, even as I am one with you."

Once more the triumph of Jesus comes with the triumph of that kingdom which rules by love; the home of love, the source and purpose of which is love. It is significant that this loveless man to whom was given nor wife nor child should receive the unmeasured homage of women and the uncounted love and admiration of children. It is fitting that art should lay the Christ child forever in the arms of Mother Mary and that his birth time should be celebrated with childrens' carols and fireside benignities. The kingdom of God which the man of Nazareth taught as it assumes outward shape will be the realm where woman will stand in her full personality, her unrimmed dignity and her full social, legal and political power.

The clergy of Chicago have been asked to make on this very day, the 17th of December, a concerted demand that woman be allowed her divinely appointed place of housekeeper and home-maker in this larger home of Chicago when the municipality rises to its new charter, and it is no indignity to my subject, no departure from my theme, for me to close this study of the Man of Sorrows with an appeal to you to do all in your power, by your petition, your ballot, and your influence in the interest of the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of Jesus, the Son of Mary, the friend and brother of the sisters distraught and debauched by the cruel tyrannies of artificial society to give to woman her place amnog the electors of the City of Chicago. For if the kingdom of God is the kingdom of love, surely woman must take her place there alongside of man.

A last and final lesson may I enforce with another local touch: If the author of the "Creed of Christ" is right and if the assumptions of this pulpit and the aspirations of this Abraham Lincoln Centre are true, the Man of Sorrows was made such by his universal sympathies. The cosmopolitan quality of religion that is to assume his name and be true to his memory must necessarily be a religion of universal sympathies, and, however Christianity has failed in other directions, it has magnificently vindicated the Man of Sorrows in a practical universality that has outlived all the political organizations of history; that has outreached all the boundaries of race; that has broken down castes and defied classes. Christianity has appealed to black, white, yellow and red races; to Celt, Goth, Roman, Greek, Jew, Aryan, and Semitic, Russian and Japanese, American and Chinamen. They have all more or less, somehow or other, come under the spell of the Man of Sorrows, and have found in him an exemplification of those wonderful lines in the Great Unknown, the later Isaiah. Whether they reach back to Jeremiah, the Old Testament Man of Sorrows, or reach forward to Jesus, the New Testament Man of Sorrows, has been a matter of much dispute. The final conclusion will probably be that these lines are applicable to both and that it

is permissible to apply them to either, because they were born out of that prophetic insight given only to the great poets, of understanding the trend of things, apprehending God's methods of dealing with men and stating the same with such power, terseness and beauty that the world cannot afford to let them die:

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

As you entered this morning in the lower vestibule you were greeted for the first time by the open face of a new time-keeper, one that will with accuracy beat in rhythm with the sun. You may set your watches by it and be sure that you can regulate your steps thereby. That clock case came across the seas; that oak grew in Sweden-land, and the tree was felled, sawed and shaped by Swedish hands. It was sent across the sea by our own Ruth Randall and Sigfried Edstrom, that it might help keep us Americans, citizens of boastful Chicago, mindful of our far kinship, trustful in the wider fellowship, loyal to the higher patriotism, devout in the inclusive worship of Christmas time. You must needs be instructed in these facts, for your eye will detect no difference in the grain of the wood that grew on the hillside of Sweden and that in the wood that grew perchance in the forests of Michigan. It is all oak, and it looks alike because it all grew in the gardens of God; it all serves in the economy of God's children; both alike in the economy of God will serve to shelter, guide, sweeten and deepen the life that is to tide for generations to come through the halls of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and will witness the hurrying, pattering feet of little ones unborn and echo the guileless chatter of those in behalf of whom the words of Judea's Man of Sorrows come down to us saying, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Lo! Christmas is at hand; let us shrive our souls, attune our spirits, and temper our wants and tastes in such a way as to fit us for the glad, high, holy festival.

Valuable Magazines.

"The World's Work," for December, is simply a marvel, not only in what it gives, but in the good judgment of the editor. It has become an absolute essential in every small family. The same firm, Doubleday, Page & Co., announce a new magazine entitled "Farming," devoted to the living and growing of things on the farm. This has been needed for a long while, and some of us have been trying to secure. "The Garden" magazine, which they begun last year should go with it—each one at one dollar a year. "Country Life in America" and "Country Calendar" will merge, very wisely. "Suburban Life," Boston, at one dollar a year, is incomparably the people's nature magazine. Its editorial management is exceedingly wise, giving us the country from the country standpoint. Of course the Literary Digest must be included in this list of essentials for a country home, or any other home. If it were not for my close association with the Independent, I would tell you to add that to the list.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

Mon. We are often reminded that, if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same.

Tues. Think of the importance of friendship in the education of men. It will make a man honest; it will make him a hero; it will make him a saint.

Wed. It is not enough that we are truthful; we must cherish and carry out high purposes to be truthful about.

Thurs. We must go out and re-ally ourselves to Nature every day. We must make rest, send out some little fibre at least, even every winter day.

Fri. Love your life, poor as it is,—meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names.

Sat. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours even in a poor home. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring.

—*Thoreau's Thoughts, edited by H. G. O. Blake.*

The Star Song.

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies He the lily-banks among?

Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find Him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe in mother's breast.

Robert Herrick.

The Christmas Gift.

He came home weary on Christmas Eve. He had bought his presents for the children and his wife, but they seemed of little value, and he was out of sorts with them. He wondered how so many in the city could be so extravagant. They had abundance, and they multiplied it. It was provoking to think about it—and his heart was heavy.

He did not rail at society, he did not despise his work. It was what he wished to do. He wanted a fair chance, and he was willing to toil. Work was truly honorable in itself as creative and distributive. It provided the blessings and comforts of the days—but what a pittance as its pay, when others rolled in plenty!

Yes, his wife was out, gone shopping for her surprises—so he sat down in a cozy corner, and in the ease of it—he walked down the lane of dreams and into the open country of hope. He was not at all surprised, it seemed real and natural, and everything he saw delighted him. He was a hopeful man, liked the poets and those who promised better things for the world—and here they were. The good time had come, really arrived, men had been singing of and praying for—why, yes, they were living from the divine side of their nature. You could tell it by their smiling faces and light tread, and the joy-presence they carried with them. He saw them and moved amongst them with music in his heart. It was just splendid to live in such concord with humanity, not a face that he

did not love; not a man that did not give him gladness. This was as it ought to be—it made the Golden Rule all right. He was never before among folks who were so perfectly kind and cheerful. It was worth living simply to know that men could be so happy and brotherly. He had always believed it possible—but here it was—and he felt like singing for the very joy of it.

He wondered if the people were new or if it were he who had changed. It was himself who had suffered a change into the new man of love—for the folks were old neighbors and friends—every one of them—but there was not the least sign of fret or care or any such thing among them all. They seemed well to do and happy—and he was exceedingly glad to have such a sight before him.

And there was a difference in himself now he came to think about it. He had never looked so well and never felt so glad, all discontent and weariness had faded away, he was a man with the man's strong spirit in him—and it was a blessing to feel it. How the transformation? He could not explain—but it was and that seemed enough in that golden hour.

Then he woke, for his wife and children had returned, and talk and laughter was, as it may come in a poor man's home as in the home of the rich, and he roused himself to make the most of it, and sustain it in its scheme of gladness—for he saw that the best of Christmas was the joy beyond its joy when the world every day shall realize the dream of a kind race of men and women living in a spirit as sweet and peaceful as marks the joy of Christmas Day!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Japanese Santa Claus.

An interesting contrast to the Santa Claus of our childhood is furnished by the mythical patron of the little ones familiar in Japan for several centuries. In the *Gartenlaube,* of Berlin (a sort of German *Ladies' Home Journal*) is a description of this unique demigod. It seems that side by side with ideal representations of its divinities, the Buddhistic pantheon displays many realistic impersonations which, principally by exaggerations of certain physical peculiarities, are intended to arouse the fears or excite the laughter of the devout adorers of these grotesques. Of all, the merriest and most popular is Hotei, the Japanese children's god. His great protuberant paunch, his fat double chin, the round laughing face with its wide mouth and long ears, will linger long in the memory of anyone who has once become acquainted with this fun-loving, Falstaffian figure.

Hotei is one of the Seven Gods of Good Luck, and although—or perhaps because—the least reverend, he is the best beloved. Representations of him first became common in the fifteenth century. The legends tell that once upon a time in China there lived a monstrously corpulent priest whose chief delight it was to join the children in their pastimes on the streets. The story goes that he could sleep soundly in a snow-bank; that he eschewed water, and possessed the gift of foretelling the future. Thus he grew to be the most sought after, the best beloved and honored personage of the city thoroughfares, while his extraordinary figure came to be fondly cherished in the folk-lore of his fellow believers long after his death. The people generally regard him not so much as a god, but rather as a jovial old bachelor of supernatural endowments, whose heart never lost its youthful freshness. The children prize him as their gayest playmate, and for this reason he is often depicted as surrounded by frolicsome youngsters. Usually he carries a big-bulging bag over his broad back, whereof the meaning has been very variously interpreted. In all likelihood, it was originally supposed to contain his bedding; but the old folks nowadays declare that he uses his sack to entrap naughty urchins. Curious or meddlesome boys and girls are induced to creep into it, in the hopes of getting a glimpse of its marvelous contents; once they are well within, Hotei ties it fast and, try as they may, he will not let his captives out till they have promised to behave themselves better. Thus some ethical significance has managed to attach itself to this comical monstrosity, and to divest these children of their prejudices would be like taking off their skin to make them feel better—*Current Literature.*

Before Christmas.

The Christmas-time draws on apace;
The happy crowds go up and down;
There's joy and hope in all the town;
And in each little maiden's face

A look of expectation sweet,
That comes of musing oft and long
On what that day of gift and song
Shall bring to her as offering meet.

But I will sit alone and dream
Of Him who gave the day its name;
And think of all His wondrous fame,
And if to Him it strange doth seem,

That in these happy, careless ways,
As often as the years come round,
We mark with light, and joyful sound,
His advent and His toilsome days.

And deeper still my thoughts shall go,
And ponder if He hears above,
'Mid all the heavenly peace and love,
Our weary talking to and fro;

Our asking how it all began,
And what the secret of His power,
That since He came, until this hour,
The world has said, "Behold the man!"

Behold the man! Behold the God!
Ah, which to say, and how, and why!
In vain our tangled reasons try
The path so many feet have trod.

O Man of sorrows, Man of joys!
Of joy for all Thy strife and scars,—
Whereso Thou art among the stars,
In peace that nothing can destroy,—

Though we our voices may not blend
With that hoarse chant the centuries raise,
Yet is it not a sweeter praise
To say, "Our Brother and our Friend"?

And if beyond this verge of time
We know Thee better as Thou art,
Wilt Thou not clasp us heart to heart,
As fill our ears the heavenly chime?

—*John W. Chadwick.*

Jesus taught the law of Religion,
To love the Lord our God with all our heart and mind and strength:
And the law of justice,
To love our neighbors as ourselves:
And the law of love,
To love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us:
That we may be children of the Father in Heaven.—

—*Unity Services and Songs.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.
$2.00 PER ANNUM.

Editors: Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William Kent.
Assistant Editor: Edith Lackersteen.
Department Editors: Cyrus A. Osborne, Mrs. Wm. Kent.
Editorial Contributors:

Jane Addams.	Fred'ck E. Dewhurst.	Joseph Stolz.
Wilson M. Backus.	John Faville.	Hiram W. Thomas.
Richard W. Boynton.	Fred V. Hawley.	Willard B. Thorp.
Frederick W. Burlingham.	Emil Hirsch.	R. A. White.
Francis A. Christie.	Newton Mann.	Oscar L. Triggs.
Joseph H. Crooker.	Granville Ross Pike.	E. P. Powell.
Robt. C. Denison.	Frederick Starr.	Eugene G. Updike.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

A Christmas Card.

I send to you no useless gift this holy Christmas Day,
But something you may keep a while, then gladly give away;
Here's Love wrapped up in Tenderness; and folded all about
Are ribbons of Good Wishes that nothing may fall out.
'Tis stamped with Hope and sealed with Faith that Friendship will abide
As long as memories remain of Christ and Christmastide.
If passed along such presents grow, as snowballs gather up the snow.

—BERTHA E. JAQUES.

Foreign Notes.

CITIES OF THE FORMATION: STRASSBURG.

Oddly enough my protestant pilgrimage brought me to Strassburg—ancient stronghold of Protestantism—on the very eve of the fifty-second general assembly of the Catholics of all Germany and Switzerland. I arrived on an evening train at a comparatively deserted station and was sole passenger in the omnibus I selected; great, therefore, was my surprise, on reaching the hotel, to find that there was "no room for me in the inn." Inquiry developed the fact that some six thousand Catholics were expected in the city, mostly by special train, within the next twenty-four hours and I spent a few uneasy moments while the hotel porter was sent scurrying from one place to another in my behalf. Fortunately his second quest was successful and I was soon very comfortably installed in the cosy front chamber of a nearby private house.

On sallying forth next morning, I was rather amused to find myself in close proximity to *Jung St. Peterskirche* and the *Blauwolkengasse*, or Blue Clouds street. With these as landmarks and a local guide-book and plan, I started for the postoffice in the fine new quarter of the city. The way led past the imperial palace, through the *Kaiserplatz*, where nurse maids bring their camp stools and sit along the shady gravel walks beside their sleeping or playing charges, to the University Library and other public buildings, among them the postoffice, a really imposing structure occupying an entire block. Here I found, as I hoped, a card of introduction, procured for me by Pastor Charles Wagner,, to whatever librarian might be in charge of the University Library at this vacation season. Hastening back with this to the library I discovered I had come none too soon as it was Saturday and the building would be closed the following week for the annual cleaning.

The rest of the morning and, by special invitation, Monday forenoon as well, were spent getting some idea of this widely known library, whose collection of some 800,000 volumes, the result of private and public munificence, replaces in so far as may be the famous library destroyed in the siege of 1870. The building is notable in one way for its extensive use of skylights. These have proved an expensive feature, as was all too evident at the time of my visit, a terrific hailstorm in July having damaged skylights and windows to the extent of 15,000 marks, to say nothing of risks incurred by both readers and books in the various departments of the library. Other university buildings also suffered heavily and as the glass for repairs must be made to order, it was said months would elapse ere these various structures could be in order again.

Old Strassburg is practically an island for, where the waters of the Ill did not naturally surround it, moats and canals completed the circuit. There are no city walls now, but the promenades along these various waterways offer some of the most picturesque views to be found today in Strassburg. Ever and anon in my ramble the strains of some band suggested that the Catholic hosts were gathering so I turned my steps toward the cathedral, though doubting much if I could gain admittance. There was none to say me nay, however, and I drifted in with the crowd.

The great nave was packed with peasant and labor organizations and the display of painted and embroidered society banners was a sight to behold. High mass was being celebrated, but near the entrance and in the side aisles it was still possible to circulate and the crowd was constantly shifting quietly. It was a motley throng, sturdy, honest and earnest looking but the thoughtful, intellectual faces were few. Service over the packed delegations with their banners pass out through one of the transepts and I am carried with them.

It is too early for the great procession which starts from the university at 1:30, but some of its more picturesque elements dash by on horseback or in carriages to their appointed rendezvous; heralds in brilliant costumes, banner-bearers in gay slashed doublets and plumed velvet hats, a panorama of color. One section bears the imperial German standard, another the papal one. More than five hundred societies participate, according to the printed program of the *Festzug*. Each has been assigned a number indicating its place in the procession. This is borne aloft alongside the banner and out by the university corresponding numbers attached to the tree trunks up and down the two flanking avenues, show where the ranks are to form. Meanwhile this seems just the time to take a car for the *Orangerie*, Strassburg's beautiful wooded park in the suburbs.

The nucleus of the present park was a district laid out and planted with lindens in 1692, according to a plan of the landscape gardener, Le Nôtre. It consisted principally of seven avenues with magnificent vistas. In 1806 the region was transformed at command of the imperial government, by the construction of the Orangery with its terraces and gardens. The building was planned for the housing of one hundred and eighty orange trees from a castle of the Landgraf of Hesse, with apartments also for a transient residence for the Empress Josephine. Alas, ere it was completed, Josephine Beauharnais' imperial days were over and she never occupied it; but the orange trees are there. In 1895 extensive additions made the present beautiful woodland park covering a territory of 256,300 square meters.

After an hour or two in its shady recesses and a further trolley ride to Ruprechtsan, a suburb where the well known publisher, H. L. Kayser, has an estate, and where one sees a little of the modern fortifications of Strassburg, I returned to University place only to find it impassible to trolley cars on account of the throng of sightseers and the marching ranks of that interminable procession. Leaving the car I watched them pass until standing in the hot sun became wearisome, then went clear around the wing not yet in motion and attempted to regain my room on foot. The result was that I saw considerable of Strassburg and got well snarled up in its narrow old streets, for those marching Catholics seemed everywhere. It was nearly dusk ere I found myself once more in the now familiar *Blauwolkengasse*.

But for me the best of these Catholic festivities was still to come, as I discovered next morning. On my winding way down from the spacious "platform" of the cathedral, I was struck by the sight of yellow bowls full of tallow, with big wicks, set at regular intervals along all the main lines of roof, gables, etc., indicating a prospective illumination. By 9 o'clock that evening the beautiful great gothic structure was a memorable sight. The odor and smoke of burning tallow were perceptible for blocks around, but the whole great church stood outlined in wavering lines of flame, a thing of wondrous beauty. Up in the lofty spire, where these flickering flames came closer and closer together, the effect was like the flashing of a many faceted gem. To highten the effect, different colored Bengal lights were burned within the spire: red, green, flame color and gold in ever varying combinations. Fascinated one moved from place to place, now in the open *Münsterplatz*, where there was the most unobstructed view of the cathedral as a whole, now in some narrow street densely packed with people, over whose heads the wavering, twinkling lights and changing colors of the spire alone were visible against the darkness of the sky. Reluctantly and with many a backward glance one turned away, glad to have this as a last memory picture of the great cathedral.

But while to the street observer this was pre-eminently a rally of the peasant rank and file of Catholic Germany, the list of members published in the daily *Festblatt* of the convocation showed the names of many distinguished members of the nobility and clergy. These words from the opening address of the president, Prince Alvis von Löwenstein, suggest the temper of the assembly. Referring to the official welcome by the Mayor's representative, he said:

"He who is not of our faith, greeted us in the name of his evangelical fellow-citizens in words so beautiful, and what is more, so true, that every one of us could subscribe to them. In so doing he struck from the very beginning the note that should prevail in this, our Catholic congress. We assemble here to consider how we may defend our faith against the enemies of Christendom, but with no wish to encroach on the rights of our Protestant fellow-citizens. Instead we would like best to work with and even, on occasion, for them if they would permit it; at any rate, we would leave them in peace.

"I cannot close," he continued, "without reference to a man whose high position gives especial significance to the words he has uttered on the subject of confessional peace. Prince Hohenlohe, imperial governor of the Crownlands, in an address delivered a few weeks ago before the General Consistory of Churches of the Augsburg Confession, speaking of his predecessor, Prince Chlodwig Hohenlohe, a Catholic, said: As he, the Catholic, knew how to appreciate Protestantism, so should Protestants value in Catholocism its Christianity. He hoped the proceedings and resolutions of the Consistory might help to lessen the antagonism between Catholics and Protestants so that they could live together in peace. This was quite compatible with holding fast the ideals of Protestantism. Above all, the church must stand firmly on the basis of the Gospel, then she could face the future trustfully. I am sure these noble words of the Prince-Governor will not be forgotten.

Telegrams of salutation were sent to the Pope, the Emperor and the Imperial Governor of Alsace, Prince zu Hohenlohe-Langenburg, that to the latter expressing the hope that this General Assembly of German Catholics might contribute to that harmony between members of the different confessions which he had so often emphasized as desirable.

A resolution was also passed deprecating the position of the Pope at Rome since 1870 and calling on all German Catholics to be prompt and liberal in their contributions to Peter's pence.

All this going on in the Strassburg of to-day, but stimulated interest in the study of its past and speculation as to the future. In visiting these old imperial free cities that signed the protest of 1529 at Speier, one is eager for more historic details than are to be found in Baedeker. For those who read German readily, the series of local guide-books, known as *Beckmann's Führer*, are very satisfactory in the fullness of their historic outlines for each city. The religious, political and social history of this city of Tauler and Bucer, of Jacob and Johannes Sturm, of early printing, democracy, religious liberty and enlightened education, is so fascinating that it might well rival Nuremburg in the interest of studious Americans.

Not the least interesting thread running through the story is the relation between Strassburg and Switzerland. Having in 1529 taken the radical step of abolishing the mass and, shortly thereafter, having joined in that energetic protest of the reformers at the Diet of Speier, Strassburg turned first for support against the Emperor Charles V. and his Catholic adherents, to an alliance with the evangelical federation of Basel, Bern and Zurich. True, she sought also to ally herself with her fellow-believers in Germany, but this affiliation was viewed askance by John of Saxony because the Zwinglian view of the Sacrament of the Last Supper so largely prevailed at Strassburg. Hence, too, it came to pass that four of the cities that signed the protest, Strassburg, Memmingen, Constance and Lindau, were not allowed to sign the Lutheran statement of belief presented to the Diet at Augsburg in 1530, but were obliged to hand in one of their own drawn up by Bucer. With the loss of independence and French rule came naturally more or less of a Catholic reaction. December 1, 1900, the population of Strassburg was 151,041 (including the garrison of 14,727 men); of these 77,912 were Catholics, 67,955 Protestants, 4,605 Jews and 569 adherents of other creeds. It is significant of the new order of things that the modern Garrison Church is Protestant.

How strong the traditional ties of friendship with Switzerland still are was shown most beautifully at the siege of Strassburg in the Franco-Prussian war. In those terrible days, when the city was in flames, and death and destruction reigned there, the Swiss government sent an official delegation to beg of the Germans the privilege of removing from the harassed city the women and children, the infirm and the aged. The humane mission was successful and these helpless ones were cared for on Swiss territory. To-day, in one of the public squares of Basel, one pauses in sympathetic admiration before a beautiful marble group, set off against a verdant background of trees and shrubbery. It represents true-hearted Switzerland with her shield protecting a hapless mother and her little ones, while a guardian angel guides their faltering steps. An inscription full of feeling tells the story, on one end of the pedestal in French, on the other in German, while in front, below a relief of the deliverence, one reads in French the equivalent of these words: 'To Switzerland grateful homage from a child of Strassburg.

Truly, in beautiful and generous deeds of peace little Switzerland shines like a star among the nations. M. E. H.

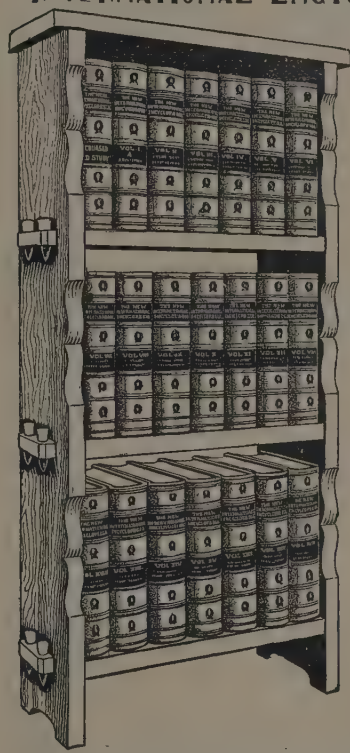
? Never a Day Passes ?

but some question is put before you which you cannot answer, or that information is desired which is not at hand. No matter what it is about, you can go with confidence for the information to

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA

—It is a work for general reference, easy to consult, quick to yield its store of knowledge.
—The last ten years have probably seen the birth of more new words, new mechanisms, new inventions, new ideas than did the previous half century.
—This wonderful growth and development render obsolete and useless encyclopædias compiled ten or more years ago.
—If you would know things as they are known today you need an encyclopædia that is NEW, PRACTICAL and COMPLETE.
—There is only one such encyclopædia in English

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA



The Editors-in-chief are Daniel Coit Gilman, L. L. D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), afterwards President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor in Columbia University, and Frank Moore Colby, M. A., late Professor in New York University, assisted by over three hundred scholars as assistants.

We are offering you an encyclopædia which literary and scientific men, educators, students and librarians are buying, men whose life work is such that they must know and have at hand the works of reference that are satisfactory from the viewpoint of today.
—Unless you know, it is only fair to let us prove to you by test and comparison that THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA will satisfy your every want. At least send for our

80 PAGE BOOK FREE

of facts relating to encyclopædias and telling in detail why and how the NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA was published and why it has so promptly taken its place as the standard work of reference.

——Fill in name and address and send this coupon——

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—Please send, without cost to me, your handsome 80-page book describing The New International Encyclopædia containing specimen pages, colored illustrations, maps and information regarding price and easy payment plan.

Name .....
Occupation .....
Street .....
Post Office.....
State .....(Unity.)

The Tobey Furniture Co.

96 to 104 Wabash Ave.,
CHICAGO

At $37.50 we show the best value we know of in a Leather Turkish Rocker. It is well upholstered, covered in our standard quality of leather, has leather fringe and the celebrated Harrington springs.

In upholstered Leather Furniture we show the largest variety in America—and at a wonderful range of prices. Each piece is guaranteed to be of the best quality obtainable at the price. They make acceptable Christmas gifts.

Following are a few examples:

The "Arlington" Sofa, Leather, all hair, hand-buffed, our own make. $190.00

Mahogany Davenport Sofa, our own make, Leather $120.00

Fine Leather Couch, with Leather Pillow...$100.00

Fine Leather Couch, with Harrington Spring.$80.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather Harrington Spring.$79.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather, Harrington Spring.$41.00

Turkish Rocker, Leather, Harrington Spring.$37.00

Leather Couch.....$28.50

Genuine English Morocco Chair, the "Admiral Nelson" $157.00

The "Regent"...$110.00

The "Anglesea"..$90.00

Turkish Rocker, our own make, all hair, Harrington Spring.....$100.00

Mahogany "Sleepy Hollow" Rocker, Leather. $35.00

Golden Oak, "Sleepy Hollow" Rocker, Leather. $26.00

Morris Chair, Weathered Oak, genuine leather cushions, complete.$20.00

For other prices write us your wants

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER

The National organ of the Universalist Church, is a weekly 32-page Religious Journal, standing for a Rationally Reverent and a Reverently Rational Christianity.

Terms: 2.00 per year. One month on trial 10c.

ADDRESS

Universalist Publishing House

BOSTON AND CHICAGO

Four New Books for the Thoughtful Reader

New Tables of Stone and Other Essays. By Henry M. Simmons.

God and His World: Sermons on Evolution. By Samuel R. Calthrop.

The Evolution of a Great Literature: Natural History of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. By Newton Mann.

The Changing Order: A Volume of Essays. By Oscar L. Triggs.

Any of the above mailed for $1.50, postpaid, by

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

THE JEFFERSON BIBLE

BY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Being

"THE LIFE AND MORALS OF JESUS OF NAZARETH."

Compiled by the Third President of the U. S.

This rare book is a monument to the painstaking energy and religious zeal of Thomas Jefferson. The priceless original volume, its pages worn and stained with age, is carefully preserved in the National Museum at Washington, but an accurate reproduction of the original was ordered by the U. S. Government and from the plates thus made a limited number of copies have been printed and are now obtainable at exceptional figures. The work includes a harmony of the four gospels in English, Latin, French and Greek, and is beautifully printed and handsomely bound. Originally sold at $5.00 a volume, the publishers offer a few remaining volumes to the readers of UNITY at 60% discount, or $2.00, net, if ordered at once.

Manz Engraving Co.

195 Canal St., Chicago

(Engravers and Electrotypers for UNITY Co.)

CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

Incorporated Steptember 23, 1896. Offers unsurpassed facilities for the prosecution of studies in Language, Literature, History, etc., etc. Ministers or others interested in Literary or Scientific work are invited to write for circulars outlining courses for HOME STUDY leading to degrees. Students in every state. Strongly endorsed by leading Clergymen and Educators. Address, SECRETARY CENTRAL UNIVERSITY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

HIS LIFE

(A 10-Cent Harmony of the Gospels.)

What is it? An interwoven Story of the Life of Christ, as found in the four Gospels. (Congl. and Baptist.)

By Whom? The work is done by three pastors of Oak Park, Drs. Barton, Soares and Strong.

How Large? It has 226 pages. The text used is from the American Revised Version. It is attractively bound and will fit the pocket.

The Object. The book is put out in order to get the Gospel Story, in a new form, to the people.

The Price. 50 copies prepaid, $5.00; 100 copies, prepaid, $9.50. Single copy, prepaid, 14 cts.; cloth, prepaid, 30 cts.; leather, prepaid, 55 cts.

A Plan. Order 50 or 100 copies; place them on a table in the vestibule. Ask the people to help themselves and make their own change. You will be likely to get your money back.

Good For. Private reading, class study, prayer meetings, evangelistic meetings, etc. Make a suitable Christmas gift.

Sunday Schools. Nothing better than *His Life* could be used in 1906, either for "Lesson Help" or "Side Reading" since the lessons for year 1906 are on The Life of Christ.

Within the Reach of Thousands. The low price will bring the old, old story in a fresh form, within the reach of thousands.

12,000 already sold and His Life has been out only a month. Send orders to

Lincoln Centre Book Store Oakwood and Langley Ave. CHICAGO

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand

ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

ILLINOIS CENTRAL — CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE — RAILROAD

St. Louis

Green, Gold and Brown "Daylight Special" —elegant fast day train.

"Diamond Special"—fast night train—unsurpassed for convenience and comfort.

Buffet-library cars, complete dining cars, parlor cars, drawing-room and buffet sleeping cars, reclining chair cars.

Through tickets, rates, etc., of I. C. R. R. agents and those of connecting lines.

A. H. HANSON, GEN'L PASS'R AGT., CHICAGO.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NEW TRAIN.

Best Route.

The Los Angeles Limited, electric lighted, new from the Pullman shops, with all latest innovations for travel comfort, leaves Chicago 10:05 P. M. daily, arrives Los Angeles 4:45 P. M. third day. Solid through train via Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line and the Salt Lake Route. For rates, sleeping car reservation and full particulars apply to your nearest agent or address W. B. Kniskern, 215 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

THROUGH TRAIN SERVICE

DAILY

TO

CALIFORNIA, OREGON, and all Principal Points West

VIA

UNION PACIFIC

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
Dining Cars, Meals a la carte
Composite Observation Cars
Composite Buffet Cars
Tourist Sleeping Cars a Specialty
Free Reclining Chair Cars

Inquire

W. G. NEIMYER, G. A.
120 Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

ONLY ⅓ OF A DAY
BETWEEN
CHICAGO
AND
CINCINNATI
VIA THE

MONON ROUTE

and C. H. & D. Ry.

Choice of 4 Superb Trains Daily.

DAY TRAINS Equipped with Parlor and Dining Cars.

NIGHT TRAIN, with Palace Sleeping and Compartment Cars.

CHAS. H. ROCKWELL, Traffic Manager. FRANK J. REED, Gen. Pass. Agt.

200 Custom House Place, CHICAGO.

VERY LOW RATES
Southwest
VIA THE
WABASH

Nov. 7 and 21, and Dec. 5 and 19,

THE WABASH

will sell special homeseekers' tickets from Chicago to many points in Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, at greatly reduced rates. Write us for maps, pamphlets, time cards and full information.

T. P. SCOTT, Gen'l Agt., Milwaukee, Wis.
R. S. GREENWOOD, M. P. Agt., Chicago.
F. A. PALMER, A. G. P. Agt., Chicago.
C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

INGERSOLL BEACON

A Spicy Little Monthly at 50 cts. a year, 5 cts. a number. Devoted to Science, Free Thought and the Gospel of Reason and Good Cheer, in contrast with the "foolish forms and cringing faiths" of theology. Edited by William H. Maple

THE NEATEST RATIONALISTIC MAGAZINE EVER ISSUED

The BEACON is a friend to all liberal publications and organizations. One and two-cent postage stamps taken. Subscribe now. Each number is worth the price for a year.

Ingersoll Beacon Co., 78 La Salle St., Chicago

ARE YOU A
SUNDAY SCHOOL
TEACHER OR OFFICER?

If so, write for a free copy of a booklet setting forth a system of organization and records which constitutes a most wholesome incentive, increasing the attendance and enhancing the interest of Sunday-school scholars wherever tried. Highly recommended by Pastors and Superintendents throughout the United States and Canada. In writing, give name of superintendent and secretary, size and denomination of School.

ADDRESS MARY G. EASTMAN, PONTIAC, MICH.

The
Underwood
Typewriter

Visible Writing

Offers more real typewriter value than has ever before been incorporated in one writing machine.

Complete for all classes of work without attachments.

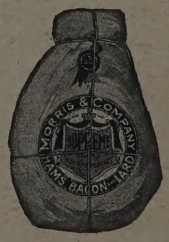
Simple in construction.

Durable far beyond our own claims.

Adopted and endorsed by the leading business and public institutions all over the world.

CHICAGO BRANCH, 135 Wabash Ave.

When Morris Goods Fill the Shelves Full Satisfaction is Assured.



You can buy a MORRIS Meal in a can or out of one.

"The Faith That Makes Faithful"

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones and William C. Gannett

Special Offers to New Friends of Unity

Few books of sermons or addresses have had so large a sale as this little book of eight sermons. It is now in its 35th thousand, and still in great demand. Nothing better could be found for a Christmas present to man or woman who thinks or lives. Searching for a particularly attractive offer we have printed an edition of this book in clear type, good book paper, bound in red silk cloth—equal to the usual one dollar books, on terms that enable us to make a remarkable offer:

One copy of "The Faith That Makes Faithful" and six months' subscription to UNITY—26 issues —for

ONLY ONE DOLLAR

Old subscribers will be given a free copy of the book if their renewal and two dollars, together with above offer to secure new subscribers, is received before January 1.

A Chorus of Faith

as heard in the

Parliament of Religions

with an introduction by

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

12mo., Silk Cloth, Gilt Top, $1.25

Special Premium Offer

As UNITY owns the above book we are able to offer a limited number of copies to new subscribers to UNITY on exceptional terms:

One copy of "A Chorus of Faith" and subscription to UNITY for *five months* FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR; or "The Faith That Makes Faithful" and "Chorus of Faith" with UNITY for *one year,* to any name not now on our list, for

TWO DOLLARS

UNITY ALONE TEN WEEKS for TEN STAMPS. OTHER BOOKS IN CONNECTION WITH UNITY: "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," by Wm. Allen Knight. A new and wonderfully illuminating interpretation of the 23d Psalm. Bound in white leatherette, with UNITY for *one month,* only

25 cents

"SAINT ABIGAIL OF THE PINES," also by Knight, a new and very popular book, 167 pp., cloth, with 6 mos. subscription to UNITY for

$1.10

"THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN," a new novel by Booth Tarkington, undoubtedly the best thing he has yet done, cloth bound. New subscribers to UNITY get the paper for six months and this book for

$1.50

"THE QUIET KING," by Caroline Atwater Mason, 12 mo., 304 pp., by Am. Bap. Pub. Soc. A fascinating story of the Christ, that has had a very large sale among Evangelical denominations. Beautifully bound and illustrated. With UNITY six months for

$1.50

SEND ALL ORDERS TO

UNITY, LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Best Books

.... TO BUY FOR ....

CHRISTMAS

The Pardoner's Wallet

By Samuel M. Crothers.

"It is time that the country awoke to the fact that in Samuel M. Crothers, it has a humorist of the first rank, a satirist of no mean ability, and an essayist to be reckoned with."—*Chicago Tribune.* $1.25 *net.* Postpaid, $1.36.

Rose o' the River

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

"A sweet and natural love story with a rugged background."—*The Buttrok, New York.* By the author of "Rebecca." Illustrated in color, $1.25.

The Story of Noah's Ark

By E. Boyd Smith.

"One of the jolliest books of the season, full of fun for children of all ages."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.* A beautifully colored picture book, $2.00, *net.* Postpaid, $2.19.

Ways of Nature

By John Burroughs.

"We recommend a careful perusal of this sound, vigorous and eminently wholesome consideration of the "Ways of Nature."—*New York Sun.* $1.10 *net.* Postpaid, $1.21.

Lonely O'Malley

By Arthur Stringer.

"It is a pleasant reminder, to older readers, of the days of 'their youth.' "—*Boston Transcript.* Illustrated, $1.50.

The Counsels of a Worldly Godmother

By Persis Mather.

"Mrs. Mather's warnings to her young goddaughter are thoroughly amusing."—*Washington Post.* $1.50.

The One-Hoss Shay

By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"These cheerful verses cannot be found in a more delightful setting."—*Baltimore News.* Illustrated in color by Howard Pyle. $1.50.

The Works of George Herbert

By George Herbert Palmer.

"These volumes are to be commended for thoroughness of editing and for copious illustration by portraits, views and facsimiles."—*Springfield Republican.* 3 volumes $6.00, *net.* Postpaid, $6.44.

James G. Blaine

By Edward Stanwood.

"Mr. Stanwood's narrative from first to last is picturesque and entertaining."—*New York Times.* With portrait, $1.25, *net.* Postpaid, $1.37.

A Short History of Italy

By Henry D. Sedgwick.

"It shows the relations between the political life and the intellectual life as expressed in the fine arts, literature, science and music." With maps, $2.00, *net.* Postpaid, $2.17.

The Endless Life

By Samuel M. Crothers.

A valuable contribution to the discussion of the subject of Immortality. 75 cents, *net.* Postpaid, 81 cents.

Byron's Poems

Edited by Paul E. More.

Byron's complete poetical works in the *Cambridge Edition* of the poets. With portrait, notes and full indexes, $3.00.

An illustrated Holiday Bulletin, with complete announcements of these and many other attractive Gift Books, will be mailed free, on request, by the Publishers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

3 Park St., Boston and New York